

C.P.C

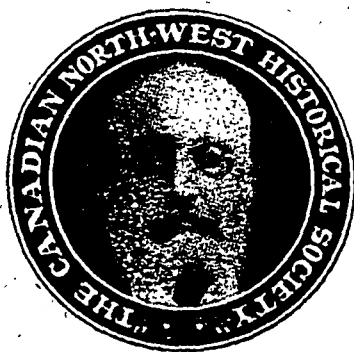
1177

601/A/58/3  
CNHS

NATIONAL LIBRARY  
CANADA  
BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE

CANADIAN NORTH-WEST  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PUBLICATIONS

Chapters in the North-West History Prior  
to 1890      Related by Old Timers



REMINISCENCES OF  
LOUIS COCHIN, O.M.I.

BATTLEFORD  
SASKATCHEWAN

VOL. I, NO. II  
1927



THE STAR PUBLISHING CO., LTD., SASKATOON.

# THE REMINISCENCES

OF

LOUIS COCHIN, O.M.I.

A VETERAN MISSIONARY OF THE CREE INDIANS AND A PRISONER IN  
POUNDMAKER'S CAMP IN 1885.

---

## CONTENTS

1. Preface .....Bishop Prud'homme
2. Reminiscences .....Louis Cochin
3. Reminiscences in Translation.
4. The Experiences of Father Bigonnesse.
5. Evidence of Rev. Father Cochin in the Trial of Poundmaker.
6. The Truth about Poundmaker.
7. A Life-Sketch of Father Cochin.
8. The Archives—
  - Progress of the Society.
  - List of Members.
  - Old-Timers' Column.
  - Books and Documents.
  - List of Publications.



LOUIS COCHIN, O.M.I.

## PREFACE

The Rev. Father L. Cochin, O.M.I., the author of the paper printed in the present Publication, is a member of a religious community founded in 1816, in sunny France, under the name of "The Missionaries of Provence." This name was changed later on. The new congregation received its approbation in a brief of Leo XII, dated Feb. 17th, 1826, under the title of "The Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate."

Its primary object is to revive the spirit of faith among rural and industrial populations by means of missions, to take care of young men's associations and to form the clergy in Seminaries.

As time rolled away, the Congregation widened its scope and accepted divers and varied undertakings, adapting itself to the needs of time and the country where it had set to work.

In 1845, the Oblate Fathers reached the Red River, and started their apostolic work in the Canadian North West. Bishop Provencher, who called these zealous and undaunted missionaries to Western Canada, had the vision of a prophet. As a matter of fact, until recently, the Catholic evangelization of the Canadian North West and of British Columbia was almost the exclusive work of the Oblate Fathers, as is yet the evangelization of the Far North.

No one can overrate the social value of such an institution as the Congregation of the Oblate Fathers. We must not judge the social value of an institution by results that strike the eye, and by data that can be worked up into elaborate statistics. No: there is an interior force that springs up in, and flows out from, certain social institutions that is of no less practical advantage to a community than the actual work of alleviating some form of distress and misery.

The Oblate Fathers have conferred vast social benefits upon society, be it in Canada, South Africa, Asia or Western Australia. The religious orders at large meet a real want in modern society, and they respond to the vital needs of the community. They hold out the highest ideals for the men of our day, viz.: the love

#### 4 THE REMINISCENCES OF LOUIS COCHIN

of God, and of neighbor, with the hope one day to possess Him for ever, after this brief span of years.

Those who opened up our vast and fertile prairies, especially LaVérendrye and Lord Selkirk, were alive to the fact that the fall and rise of nations correspond to the purity of their faith and the morality of their lives, and both were anxious to place missionaries in the West. No wonder, then, that the missionaries were considered by the Hudson's Bay Company, in the pioneer days of the West, as benefactors, who, in serving God, served also the country. Free passages were granted by that company on their York boats to Catholic missionaries, who, for the cause of Christian civilization, went through many hardships and sowed the germ from which a new era was to dawn on the West. They introduced in Indian camps the law of moral restraint against vice and taught the Indians to love their enemies which heretofore they used to slaughter and torture without mercy. Many of our missionaries have blazed out the path for future generations and prepared the reign of order, peace and security which we so gladly enjoy now.

The Rev. Father Cochin belongs to that class of pioneer missionaries who came West when times were hard, suffered for the sake of religion, and have been instrumental in taming the wild Indians.

Society owes these men of God a debt of gratitude. Rev. Father Cochin has led a very hidden life amongst the Indians on the Poundmaker Reserve, at the Thunderchild Reserve (Delmas), at Meadow Lake and at Cochin, but his services were great, for he was instrumental in beating down the clamorings of lower nature, among the Indians entrusted to his care, by pointing out to them the vision of immortal life in God's kingdom, by teaching them that death is not the end of existence but the beginning of a true life, that sickness, the pain and the privation of years of exile from heaven, shall be one day exchanged for the unending glory of God's elect.

His services during the sad events and the troubles of 1885, are well deserving of praise and mention. He may really and truly be called a benefactor to the country. By giving a timely advice to Poundmaker, namely, to surrender to General Middle-

## THE PREFACE

5

ton, in order to save his nation, by carrying personally the message of Poundmaker to the General and again by bringing the answer of the General to Poundmaker, and again by carrying the letter of submission of Poundmaker to the General, and finally by accompanying the Chief with his retinue to Battleford, he proved himself to be both a genuine apostle of the Gospel and a sincere patriot. His attitude of peacemaker in 1885 is praiseworthy, and time will not obliterate either this noble action or his memory. It is to be regretted, however, that the General did not treat the Chief of the Cree Indians with more humanity, as the Indians had remained master of the battlefield at Cut-Knife. Poundmaker could have caused incalculable damages or at least could have catered to a very human inclination and taken refuge in the United States. He preferred to deliver himself up, of his own accord, merely to stop the bloodshed and re-establish peace in the country. His motives were high and our blood runs cold when we read that the authorities sent him to prison.

These Memoirs of Father Cochin relative to the war of 1885 will prove interesting, for they contain first hand information and a true description of events by one who was an eye-witness of them, by one who was even taken as a prisoner, and who took an active part in the restoration of peace, after the Cut-Knife skirmish.

The Canadian North-West Historical Society wishes to express to Rev. Father L. Cochin, O.M.I., its gratitude for having consented to write this interesting paper and having it printed in its Bulletin. May God spare him many and many more years to the love and affection of all his dear Indians, and to his many friends.

JOSEPH H. PRUD'HOMME,  
Bishop of Prince Albert and Saskatoon.

December 21st, 1926,  
Bishop's Residence,  
Prince Albert, Sask.



CREE INDIANS ON THE WARPATH

REMINISCENCES OF THE INDIAN  
TROUBLES

LOUIS COCHIN AND INDIAN FRIENDS

(A TRANSLATION)

It was in the spring of 1882 that Bishop Grandin authorized me to go to Poundmaker's mission. There Rev. Father Lestane had worked for two years. I had, therefore, orders to aid and succeed this good Father, whose strength had been exhausted in painful toils and hard privations amongst the Cree Indians of the prairie. He spent a few months of convalescence at St. Albert and returned to Poundmaker's reserve, where we lived together during the autumn. Being called again to St. Albert, he remained there. He left me a companion, a good young man by the name of Francois Gonot, who came to the country to devote himself to missionary work.

Judge my anxiety, when I saw myself alone, without an interpreter, amidst numerous Indians, to whom I could scarcely lisp the language. However, with the last visit of Father Lestane, whose Mission had done so much good to our Christians,



I took courage, and, it was not without some feelings of joy and hope, when, at the end of a year, I discovered in the register that I had twenty-six converts. Soon I was able to speak Cree, and commenced to taste the fruits of a missionary making good.

But the Cross is never far from the missionary. For some good reasons, Mr. Gonot could not remain much longer at Poundmaker's Mission, so I accompanied him to Battleford, where I had to come every month, and entrusted him to the care of Rev. Father Bigonnesse, then the resident missionary in that place. About the month of March, 1883, I consented to his request to take him back to my mission. Alas! I was far from expecting an accident, which befell him on the road, in the end causing his death. As Father Bigonnesse and I needed to visit here and there the Indians of some reserves, we entrusted to Mr. Gonot our provisions and all sorts of objects for Poundmaker's Mission. We sent him the right way in the company of a brave Indian. Thus we formed two little caravans leading towards the same goal. Whilst Mr. Gonot followed the right direction, my comrade and I started for the posts of Moosomin and Sweet Grass to perform a few christenings.

Unhappily the bad weather surprised us on the road, and the paths were soon covered with snow. Having to moderate our pace we arrived three days late at Poundmaker's. Great was our surprise on learning that Mr. Gonot had not yet arrived. Quickly I sent some Indians to search. They found him stretched on a clump of bushes, his two feet frozen, and nearly dead with hunger. It seems that his party, walking too slowly, he had taken the lead. The guides, however, refused to follow him, after having described to him the dangers to which he was exposed. The unfortunate man took no heed. Having lost himself in the snow, he wandered three days without shelter and nourishment. Being so exhausted when the Indians found him, his only thought was to prepare himself for a happy death. During these days of long, he told me, "I never cease to ask God not to let me die before having seen a priest." His resignation was admirable. Impossible, where we were, to nurse him conveniently amongst the Indians, Rev. Father Bigonnesse returned to Battleford, taking the patient with him. There, all care was in vain, his condition

did not improve. After eight or ten days of long suffering he piously yielded his soul to God.

The severe winter from 1883 to 1884 brought misery. Famine was felt amongst the Indians, in spite of their allowances which were distributed weekly by their farm-instructors. After the disappearance of the buffalo, the bacon and the cakes made with some bad flour did not satisfy the appetite of the Indians. I saw the gaunt children, dying of hunger, come to my place to be instructed. Although it was thirty to forty degrees below zero their bodies were scarcely covered with torn rags. These poor children came to catechism and to school. It was a pity to see them. The hope of having a little morsel of good dry cake was the incentive which drove them to this cruel exposure each day, more, no doubt, than the desire of educating themselves. The privation made many die.

To this plague soon joined that of the war. I heard complaints from every direction; complaints against certain government measures, against agents towards the Indians. They attributed, briefly, all their evils to the whites. I often mingled with the Indians to calm them, and I tried to make them understand that if they were miserable it was not the fault of the whites, and in asking justice from whom it was their right, they would obtain it by a reasonable and peaceful manner.

During all this time, up to the spring of 1884, the Indians ceased to send their children to Catechism regularly, and I found myself without any occupation. Not to lose time I went to establish myself in the centre of a few Catholic half-breed families, newly camped at Bresaylor, on the other side of the Battle River, only a few miles from my mission. However, I came from time to time to Poundmaker, to show the Indians that I had not abandoned them. That condition of affairs lasted until June 17, 1884. On that day, the Indians appeared as if wanting to draw nearer to me; I went in the midst of them, and without making reference to what had passed, I visited the sick and taught the Catechism to the children. Soon after I saw the families from the reserve depart one after another, and at the end I found myself alone. All these families had gone to join bands of Lucky-Man, of Little Pine and Big Bear, who united in

a considerable camp four miles beyond on the edge of the Battle River. This meeting had for its object the celebration of the famous Nipahakwesimowin, or a dance of thirst, a kind of a religious feast of the faithful Cree. I also went to the camp. There were more than two hundred teepees. In the middle was an immense tent erected where a certain number of Indians, men and women, were occupied in preparing the commemorative dance of Nipahakwesimowin. I went directly to Mr. Craig's house, a farm instructor of the Little Pine reserve. A group of Indians happened to be there. They were talking loudly and appeared very excited. In advancing to meet the instructor, I saw his elbow stained with blood. "What is that?" I asked. Immediately an Indian shouted to me, "That is I who struck him with the handle of this hatchet." I severely scolded the aggressor for his violence. Fortunately, the greater part of the Indians present, were of my opinion, and told him he should not have done that. There were only two or three bad scoundrels who seemed to have encouraged him.

Several policemen had arrived at the camp about the same time as I. Having no order to seize the criminal, or fearing their ability to do so, they contented themselves with keeping guard over the instructor. Then, fearful for their own safety, they sent to Battleford for reinforcements.

In the afternoon, I made a trip around the camp to visit some of my Christians who happened to be there. I gave them some advice, and I took the road leading to my Mission. At the spot where I was leaving the camp, I met Chief Poundmaker, whose humour was not as usual. He was tattooed, or rather his face was partially painted red. His garments consisted in a brocaded vest, in the Indian fashion, and trousers. An animal's head, surmounted with some feathers, served as his helmet. From his right arm hung a huge tomahawk trimmed with nails and armed at the point with knife blades in place of a hatchet. His long braided hair waved in the wind.

Commencing in the evening the "dance of thirst" (Nipahakwesimowin) the sacrifices to the bad spirits was to continue three days. During the night and the following day many young people had made incisions in their chests, inserting thongs by

means of which they suspended themselves, dancing and pulling until the flesh tore off. One of them was leading around the camp a stubborn horse, from which he had fastened the reins through the skin of his back. Others passed all the time of the dance neither eating nor drinking.

I passed the night with some Indians, situated near the large camp. The next and the two following days the Indians appeared very excited, especially when they saw thirty policemen arriving, of whom Major Crozier and Captain Antrobus were the leaders. Later another thirty, and again some more. Then Major Crozier went to the Indian camps. His aim was certainly to make Poundmaker understand that the policemen were not coming to harm the Indians, but only to perform their duty in seizing the man who had wanted to kill another; that the law would also be severe towards a white man guilty of the same crime. I had already spoken, in this same manner, to the Indian Chiefs who had not listened to anything. What passed during the interview? I could not say, having taken refuge with some good Indians in the centre of the police encampment on the Poundmaker reserve near the house of Mr. Jefferson, the farm-instructor. After all Crozier and Antrobus could not succeed in taking the Indian who had struck Craig. We saw him coming back in haste from Little Pine reserve with a load of provisions, drawn by oxen, who naturally did not travel very fast. The excited Indians, some on horseback, followed in the rear, firing guns.

Fearing a skirmish at that time, I thought it well to withdraw myself to a distance, and I went to my Mission. On horseback, I followed a little path on the slope of a woody hill, when I perceived two Indians, also on horseback, who were following me, with such threatening looks that I did not venture to go any further. Therefore, wheeling quickly and giving my horse a vigorous blow, I retraced my steps at a gallop. The sudden wheeling about caused my horse to give a kick at his nearest neighbor. This one, frightened by the blow, reared, overthrowing his horseman who went rolling into the brambles. While my two troublesome companions, whom I suspected, wrongly or rightly, were freeing themselves to get into saddle, I gained ground, safe from their blows. I soon found myself

facing two enemy troops, soldiers and Indians, ranked as if in battle, taking aim to fire.

Several Indians were around the soldiers, seeking, by every possible means, to tease them by snatching their guns and revolvers. I even believe that some succeeded. At the time, when this spectacle drew my attention, a company of good Indians, who had observed me, came, begging me to accompany them to their encampment several miles away in the direction of the road which led to Battleford. I stayed overnight with them without sleeping much, being anxious to know what had passed on the reserve. The next day I heard that peace was made between the soldiers and the Indians, and that the soldiers had captured the guilty one. The Indians were rejoicing, thinking that they had gained one of the best victories of their lives. In resisting the soldiers, they had obtained something to make cakes in abundance. Crozier had made the clerk distribute all the provisions which they had brought from Little Pine's and Poundmaker's reserves. Happily, for the district of Battleford, that the trouble ended so. Thank God, everything had become quiet again.

### THE BATTLE OF CUT-KNIFE HILL

The residence of Poundmaker's Mission being deserted, I crossed the river and went to pass Sunday at Bresaylor, the colony of the half-breeds. The name of Bresaylor was given to this new colony in honour of these three following pioneers: Bremner, Sayer and Taylor. The next day I went to Battleford, where I rested for a few days, in the delightful company of Rev. Father Bigonnesse.

Afterwards, I continued my ministry amongst the Indians of Poundmaker, Little Pine, Moosomin, Sweet-Grass and Thunderchild, and with the half-breeds of Bresaylor, until the month of March, 1885. About the middle of this month the horizon became clouded again.

Having heard talk of Riel's presence near Prince Albert, the Indians and half-breeds began to consider rebellion. It seems, though, there were some who did not want to trespass against the law. No one at that time could predict a declaration of war.

It was at this time that Mr. Joseph Mackay, farm-instructor of the Indians, arrived from the Sweet-Grass reserve. Not quite a month previous this kind gentleman had been generous to the Indians, in depriving himself of the necessities of life at a moment when the government provisions were not sufficient. His charity did not rouse any pity in the hearts of these miserable ones.

He was attacked in his house early on Monday morning of March 30th, 1885. Some threatened, whilst others pretended to take him under their protection, but at the same time they wanted to make him prisoner. During this scene, the two crying children of Mr. Mackay got up hurriedly, and ran to him in spite of their mother. The Indians, a little disconcerted or affected, fell back upon the stable, which they plundered, stealing two horses and all the other articles. Returning afterwards to the store where Mr. Mackay and his family were preparing breakfast, they seized everything they could lay hold of.

The father, mother and the children were led to the chief's cabin. There, left alone with an Indian, and full of anguish over the fate that awaited them, they entreated their guardian to have pity and convey them to the other side of the river. Touched by their misfortune, the Indian consented. This Indian was called "Sessekwannis."

Once across, the fugitives walked to reach the cabin of one of their relatives at Bresaylor. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of the road, and, although they had not taken any food, Mr. Mackay and his family started to traverse wood and sloughs without any trace of the road, tramping now in water, now in snow and ice. By a miracle they directly arrived at the house of their relatives. Mr. David Poitras, brother-in-law of Mr. Mackay, fraternally received them.

The news soon reached the surrounding population, who dreaded an offensive movement of the Indians.

The following day, I saw, coming towards me, an Oblate Brother Geroute, companion of Rev. Father Bigonnesse, and his half-breed pupil, whose parents lived at Prince Albert. They told me that all the population of Battleford had shut them-

selves up in the fort. The Indians had pillaged all the south side of the village on the Battle River, and the Assiniboinés had massacred their farmer instructors. A farmer from the vicinity of the Eagle Hills had also been cruelly murdered. There came, also, the account of the battle from Duck Lake, between the people of Riel and the Mounted Police, from the district of Prince Albert.

Upon this news, a panic took possession of the population. The English half-breeds, who formed half of the population of Bresaylor, abandoned their homes and took refuge in the Battleford fort. The others would have liked to have followed their example. They were assembled in one camp ready to start; their carts already loaded with their goods. But they had amongst them agents of Riel's who kept them back and prevented them from deciding. They resolved to wait the favorable moment, thinking that the Indians did not want the lives of the half-breeds. I believed it to be my duty to not forsake them.

Whilst we deliberated about taking the best road a half-breed, by the name of John Kisiskatchewan, arrived from Frog Lake. He informed us that the Indians of the place had killed many peaceful men, amongst them the Reverend Fathers Fafard and Marchant. At this time we saw some French-Canadians pass by, whose families resided at Battleford, who had gone to cut timber a hundred miles higher up the Saskatchewan. They knew nothing of the rebellion. At that time we discovered Indians roaming about our camp, making us suspect that we were in imminent danger of being taken prisoners. At the peril of our lives, we saved a few people travelling that way by hiding them and providing them means to enter their homes.

In the meantime, a half-breed named J. Delorme, sent by Riel, had just arrived in the Indian encampment of Poundmaker, and after the murder in Eagle Hills, every Indian of the district except Chief Moosomin's party and some from Thunderchild's, had all come in to the camp of Poundmaker. J. Delorme himself had probably assembled them there. Therefore he obliged the Indians to come, and compelled us to join them.

We had then the sudden visit of the rebellious Indians. No sooner had they arrived in our camp, numbering about 200 horse-

men at least, than they dashed on our tents in every direction, overthrowing them, seizing the horses of the half-breeds and all they could carry, stripping my chapel, of which nothing was respected, of all that I could not save from their furious rapacity. Afterwards all the tribe entered our camp in a body, and began to harass my people in a thousand imaginable ways. At that time two French-Canadians happened to be stopping with us; they concealed themselves in the woods. It was not without danger that a brave man went to offer them two horses to facilitate their flight.

As for us, to have our lives safe, since neither we had enough ammunition, nor arms, we were forced to deliver ourselves to our aggressors and to follow them.

The loyal half-breeds, whose horses had been stolen, had to abandon what was left of their goods and set out in retreat with their persecutors. Likewise they had the grief of seeing massacred before their eyes most of their domestic animals, such as pigs, chickens, cattle, etc. These Indians took us from camp to camp, till April 30. At this date, we camped on the shore of a brook, named in Cree, Kisikikomanissipissis (Cut-Knife Creek). We were at their mercy, being obliged to keep a good look-out, not knowing what was going to happen to us all. On April 30th, towards noon, whilst we were preparing to cross the brook and camp on the heights, I commenced to write a few notes. This was enough to throw suspicion on me. The report rapidly circulated in the camp and excited them all. Soon I was surrounded by twenty insurgents, the greatest number of the Assiniboines saying to me: "Traitor, go then and publish your information on the posts that edge the road as far as Battleford." The anger was printed on their daub faces of scarlet red. Although a little excited I laughed at their mistake, and afterwards I tried to explain to them the purport of memoirs, but they did not want to understand, and I saw in a moment the same fate was to befall me as that of the Reverend Fathers Pafard and Marchand.

But the good chief Poundmaker, who did not recognize all the rebels in his camp, and who had protected me since the beginning of my captivity, heard what was passing and came in.



haste, reproved severely the young aggressors and threatened any one who would dare say to me but one word. All drew back shame-faced. In spite of this intervention in favour of the prisoners, the troubles recommenced several times, but at each time Poundmaker or his men came to stop the quarrels.

The miserable days that we passed made our people more devoted to prayer. I must not forget to say, on the way, that every night I gathered my Christians together to pray and to sing hymns in Cree, in French and in English. To accompany these pious hymns, and at the same time to charm our wild Indians, I had been able to save from their vandalism, by the kindness of a friend, a small portable organ, and this my Christians had the courage to transport with their luggage, from encampment to encampment. The first days the voices were not numerous, because nobody had the courage to sing; but gradually, as friends recognized one another, the number of choristers increased. Every night after prayers I addressed some words to the crowd, and every one prayed with much fervour. When we can only depend on Providence, we anxiously turn towards Him.

There were in our camp several partisans of Riel, well intentioned towards us, who did their best to defend us against the vexations of the rebellious Indians. Fearing because of their sympathy that they would not be able for a while to be useful to us, and finding out also that Poundmaker and his men refused to take the road to Batoche or to sympathize with the rebellion of the half-breeds, they decided to go and ask for reinforcements from Riel. They foresaw that troubles might break out in the camp, and that the situation would then be tragic, so five men were selected as deputies. To one of these I gave a letter for the missionaries of the district of Batoche, whom they said were the prisoners of Riel.

We were always on a good lookout, and on May 2nd we were roused by some repeated cries of "Friend, To Arms." Quickly I arose, and rushed out of my tent. I perceived several Indians, guns in hand, running in confusion towards the slope which descended to the brook. Five amongst them had arrived at the summit of a hill and were already disappearing from the other side, when a shot from a gun was heard in that direction, fol-

lowed immediately by a volley, intermingled with cannon shots. I saw two of these Indians fall.

On the invitation of one of my companions, I ran in the direction of the combat, but made a detour to assure myself of the position of the soldiers, to make myself known to them and to obtain safety for my unfortunate companions.

Reaching a small hillock at the edge of a grove which separated me, I found myself in their midst. I wanted to shout, but I had not the time; a shower of bullets fell around me. I briskly threw myself on the ground in a hollow. After a few minutes of anguish, which appeared long to me, I drew back, crawling as far as the grove, a few yards further away, to put myself out of danger. I observed some Indians watching to defend themselves.

The soldiers, numbering two or three hundred, were on an elevated level ground, flanked at a good distance by a great number of small excavations. Indians in little groups had squatted in the shelter of these excavations, as in trenches, and from there they could shoot without exposing themselves to any danger. Little by little they surrounded the soldiers. The shells and grape-shot which fell on them made them anxious. Nevertheless, at each cannon shot they replied by joyful cries, joined with ironical exclamations. Many seemed to be so little aware of the danger that they loaded their guns with their pipes in their mouths.

For me, having nothing to do there, I returned to the camp. I found the half-breed prisoners preparing to lead their families out of the reach of the shells and in an opposite direction to that of the Indian families. I followed them during the time of the battle. After a hard battle, the soldiers must have fought in retreat, carrying with them seven dead, and a certain number of wounded ones, and leaving on the battlefield one of their dead and a large quantity of ammunition, which last the Indians gathered with ardent zeal. The Assiniboines and the Cree wished to pursue the soldiers, but Poundmaker prevented them. It was his intention not to leave his reserve, but only to keep himself on the defensive; and I believe that at that time the poor chief sincerely deplored this battle which came unawares, and which

he would have preferred avoiding. In going over the battlefield, I saw only five Indians killed and a few wounded. In that time the Indians ascended the hill. The battle, one of the most spirited of the rebellion, lasted from five o'clock in the morning to one o'clock in the afternoon. The next day I went to visit the battlefield, in company with Indians and two French-Canadians, Messrs. Paulain and Pichette, prisoners as myself. There remained only two unburied corpses, that of a soldier and an Indian. I had them buried immediately. The body of the soldier had been stripped of his garments and horribly mutilated by the squaws, who had thought, by that, to revenge their husbands killed in the combat.

Towards the night of May 3rd there came back to us the people who had been sent from Batoche. They were followed by some half-breeds, bearers of a letter from Riel. This one recommended the Indians to respect the prisoners and not to kill anyone. The leader of these newcomers, Mr. Charles Tröttier, addressed the Indians. He reproached them, in energetic terms, for the plunder and the massacres that several had committed. Then, this Charles Trottier took the command and we had nothing more to dread from the rebellious Indians.

A few days later, complying with the orders of Riel, we started to Batoche, by short travel, without molesting Battleford. Along the road, many skirmishes took place between the Indians and the scouts from the garrison at Battleford. It was in one of these that one amongst them, named Elliot, was killed. On the way the Indians captured twenty ox carts, filled with provisions, and took twenty-two prisoners.

My horse, having been stolen since the beginning of the disturbances, I had but my cart, which a half-breed used in conveying my humble person. Soon I was obliged to exchange it for a horse, in order to continue, more freely, my journey.

At last, May 17, a horseman arrived from Batoche. He brought us the news that Riel and his followers, to the number of five hundred, had been fighting for three days, against the troops of General Middleton, who commanded fifteen hundred men, so they said. On May 19, another horseman came to announce the end of the battle. They said: "Riel has surrendered

himself at the end of the combat and peace was granted to the half-breeds."

Immediately I went in search of Chief Poundmaker. He told me he wanted to send a message to General Middleton. As a sign of compliance he clasped my hand.

Then Poundmaker called a white man, Mr. Jefferson, who was perhaps the only one in the camp who knew how to write in English, and who, like me, had seen himself forced to follow the rebels since the beginning of the troubles. He had him both write and carry a message to the General at Batoche. Then, after having had a second letter written, he sent me with twenty-two prisoners to convey it to Colonel Otter, commander of the garrison at Battleford. I got on horseback the Wednesday morning of May 20, and going forward, I arrived at night at the destination, after having travelled sixty miles across prairies without roads and through muddy sloughs.

I could not express enough my gratitude towards the officers of Battleford for their kind reception. They immediately introduced me to Colonel Otter. He noted the contents of the letter of which I was the bearer, and he questioned me with a sort of anxiety. The officers present at our conversation were all attentive to hear my account.

On the morrow, about noon, I set out again to take the answer from the Colonel to Poundmaker. Having ridden all night, through a beating rain, and splashed through the sloughs, I arrived at the camp only the next day. I directly summoned all the men and interpreted the Colonel's letter. He told them that he would not do any harm to the Indians, whoever they were, provided that they themselves did not do any to the soldiers. He invited them to wait for the arrival of the General at Battleford.

When I had finished speaking, Poundmaker stood up and said, almost in these terms: "You all, as many as you are, behold me. You all call me today your leader. Listen well to what I will tell you. Today there is the question of not fighting, and it matters not either to think of saving your own life. See all these women; see all these children; see all these young people

who surround you. They are the ones that we must save. I know that you are brave. In fighting against the whites you can hinder them very much. But we will yield to the number, and something tells me that our children will have their lives safe. I prefer to surrender myself at the risk of being hung rather than to shed streams of blood, by a resistance which has no more reason to be."

Poundmaker trusted me again to go to Battleford, to wait for General Middleton, and to come and inform him, as soon as he had arrived. He gave me a letter of complete submission and without any conditions.

As I was in a hurry to arrive in time to meet the General, and at last to see the peace re-established, at least, at Battleford, I got on horseback and galloped in the direction of the garrisoned town, where I arrived on the morrow. General Middleton arrived May 24. On May 25, under his order, and provided with a letter of surrender without any conditions, I went to meet Poundmaker. Not finding him at the place where I had left him, I rejoined him the next day, thirty miles from Battleford. Already Mr. Jefferson had preceded me with a similar letter to the one that I carried, and, when I entered the camp, Poundmaker prepared to go to Battleford. I entered the lodge of the leader. Poundmaker, seeing me tired and famished, he generously offered me a share of his breakfast, which I devoured hastily. I again interpreted the terms as Mr. Jefferson had already done. The letter was worded thus:

Steamer North-West, May 25th, 1885.

Poundmaker,

I have defeated the half-breeds and Indians at Batoche, and have made prisoners of Riel and most of his council. I have made no terms with them, neither will I make terms with you. I have men enough to destroy you and your people, or at least to drive you away to starve, and will do so unless you bring in the teams you took, and yourself and councillors to meet me at Battleford on Thursday, the 26th, with your arms. I am glad to hear that you treated the prisoners well and have released them.

Fred Middleton.

We arrived at Battleford at noon. The General waited for Poundmaker, surrounded by his officers, and by a strong party of the garrison. He wished to greet the General, by offering him his hand, according to the Indian custom, but the great leader of the soldiers refused to take it, and after having talked to him in a very stern manner, sent him up for trial with his colleagues. The manner in which Poundmaker was received by the General somewhat surprised me. The Indians had remained master of the battlefield at Cut-Knife, having lost only five men. They could have resisted a long while yet, and caused incalculable damage, or scattered themselves and taken refuge in the United States as others had done. Poundmaker delivered himself up voluntarily. He was the only chief who thus exposed his life to stop the bloodshed and re-establish peace in the country. This was the main motive which made him act. It was on the part of an Indian a generous act and heroic, more worthy of pardon and even of reward, than of prison and fetters.

All savage that he was, Poundmaker was very intelligent and tender-hearted. Indignation marked his face. I saw him, some hours later at the prison. He told me that if he had been in the place of the general he never could have allowed himself thus to treat a white, who would have acted the same as he. Then he added that he preferred being hanged than to be so treated. I comforted him by good words, making him understand that when the Spirit was appeased, they would recognise his merits. He promised me to be gentle and generous to the end, and at the last he begged me to go to his camp with consolation for his family and friends.

With Poundmaker, a good number of Indians, amongst them a few murderers and their accomplices, were made prisoners. In spite of my protestations in favour of some half-breeds, my companions of captivity, many of them were also taken and thrown into prison.

I tried to take some rest, but Captain Todd, of the Foot-Guards, came to find me at the home of Rev. Father Bigonessé, where I had taken shelter, begging me to accompany them to Cut-Knife, forty miles from Battleford, to show them the corpses of the soldiers whom I had buried on the battlefield.

On my return to Battleford I was mobbed by a throng of visitors, who, one after the other, came to ask me all sorts of questions about the Indians. In the meantime I was able to rest for a few days; afterwards, saddling my horse, I went at a gallop to the reserve, where all the Indians had gathered, to carry out the requests of their chief, Poundmaker. I stayed there for several weeks.

During that time Poundmaker and his companions were all transferred to the prison at Regina, at that time capital of the North-West. I received then a telegram calling me to that city to serve as a witness in the trial of Riel, Poundmaker and others connected with this affair. Poundmaker and several Indians, who had been made prisoners with him, were condemned; the first to three years in the penitentiary; the others to one, two, three, five, seven and even fourteen years. I had in the meantime the consolation of returning to Battleford in the company of my former brother prisoners, now recognized innocent and freed by the court. I was also able to promise the Indians that their good chief, Poundmaker, although remaining a prisoner, would not be treated as such; and that he would return with his companions before the regular time. He was freed the following year.

During my absence two Indians, assassins from the district of Battleford, also six other murderers from Frog Lake, understood to be the murderers of Father Fafard and Father Marchand, had been seized and incarcerated at Battleford, where Rev. Father Bigonnesse devoted himself each day to their instruction and conversion. Having attended the trial of one of them, I had the occasion to hear the terrible death sentence pronounced. It was fixed for the 27th day of November next.

Two days before the execution Rev. Father Bigonnesse made me come from Poundmaker's reserve to Battleford to help him in assisting and preparing them to die, for lately they had been christened by him, with the exception of two, who were already Christians. One of them had made his first communion through Father Fafard, of whom he was the assassin. This unfortunate one aided Father Bigonnesse very much by teaching his companions through the bars of his cell. The good Father and I

shared the Holy Ministry and the next day I distributed the Holy Communion to the poor condemned prisoners, who received it with marks of inexpressible faith, whilst Father Bigonnesse sang hymns in Cree. We passed almost all that day and the following night in sustaining them in their faith and encouraging them to face death with patience and resignation. At the last moment they assured us that they believed in the Catholic faith, that they were happy to die Christians, and finally recommended us to tell the story to their relatives and to christen their children. They marched to the place of execution with a firm step, imitating the funeral march of the soldiers who accompanied them. We went up the scaffold with them, where one told me: "Father, we do not know any Christian hymns, but we are anxious, however, to die singing. I pray you, allow us to sing in our fashion." I permitted them with a good heart, and whilst the ropes were being placed about their necks they sang all together. Having observed in the midst of the crowd some relations and friends, they shouted farewell, advising them to forgive their enemies and to make themselves Christians. The same signal darted the eight men together into eternity, where we have the sweet confidence they rejoiced in the favour of the infinite mercy of God.



FATHER BIGONESSE RELATES SOME OF HIS  
EXPERIENCES OF THE REBELLION DAYS

A. J. McCormack, of Edmonton, writes:—

I today went to the hospital and had an interview with Father Bigonnesse. I will give you a resume of it as nearly as possible in his own words:—

“I was at Battleford during the Rebellion of '85, and in common with others in the town took refuge in the police barracks during the time that attack was threatened. I, however, was not in any other way connected with the Rebellion, nor in the events which led up to it, as I was located in the town of Battleford. I, however, visited eight Indians who were afterwards executed soon after their arrest and confinement in the barracks at Battleford, and continued to visit them until they were executed.

“One of the Indians, Pas-key-ak-a-way-in's son, was already a Christian, and had been baptized by Father Fafard, and had practised the Catholic faith. The others, while some of them may have received instructions and attended Christian service, were not baptized. I visited them frequently in their cells before their trial, and after their condemnation they all expressed a desire to receive instructions and baptism. I therefore continued to visit them frequently and to give them instructions, and at this work was assisted by Father Cochin. The Stoney Indians, who could not speak Cree, I instructed with the aid of Father Lacombe's Pictorial Catechism and half-breed interpreters. One of the Stoney Indians remarked that he had never heard anything like the story of Christ before. We administered the sacrament of baptism as we considered they were sufficiently instructed and properly disposed. Two days before the execution I went to the Fort where these Indians were confined, with Father Cochin, to examine them as to their fitness to receive holy communion. At that time they all seemed to have a proper knowledge of Christian faith and the sacraments to justify us in believing they were properly prepared to receive communion, with the exception of “Wandering Spirit,” who seemed unable to give satisfactory answers. He was upbraided by his fellow-

prisoners who said to him: 'The priest speaks to you in your own language and you will not give proper answers.' I suggested to Father Cochin to leave him until the next day. The next afternoon we went back to the Fort and he gave intelligent and satisfactory replies to our questions, in fact, we considered him to be well posted on the rudiments of the Christian faith. I asked him how it was that he did not answer yesterday. He replied it was because he did not understand, and that during the whole of last night his neighbor in another cell instructed him; and he now knew the proper answers to make, and he seemed quite repentant. The day before the execution, at 7 a.m., Father Cochin and myself took the condemned men into one cell and mass was sung by Father Cochin. I sang the responses and some of the Indians joined with me. They all received holy communion and were fervent and penitent, and stated they were not afraid of death. The evening before the execution I went with Father Cochin to see these Indians, and suggested that we pass the night with them, exhort them and pray with them, as is usual in such cases. To our astonishment we found them so calm and contented that we decided to come only next morning early. The next morning we went and found they had slept well and were not afraid.

"On the morning of the execution the executioner came into the cells and the prisoners obeyed his instructions without assistance, and formed in line and walked from the cells to the scaffold, a distance of about 50 yards. They were not unlike passengers on the deck of a steamer bidding farewell to their friends. Standing on the scaffold many of them uttered messages to other Indians who were standing in the square, and some of them broke into songs to show they were not afraid. Father Cochin and myself accompanied them to the scaffold and prayed with them until the end. On one occasion, in order to ascertain the feelings, I asked one of the prisoners if he was not afraid to die, and he replied: 'Why should I be afraid to die? Did you not tell me that being a Christian and being sorry for my sins I would go to heaven like a child? Then why should I be afraid of death?'

I wish to now, forty years after this event, express publicly my belief that those men were repentant and died bravely as

Christians. Statements to the contrary have been made, and as a measure of justice I, who had the opportunity of being intimately associated with them, wish to deny these statements.

"One Indian, Napisis, could not understand the white man's justice which condemned him to death, as he claimed he did not kill anyone only his own dog. He could not understand why, as long as he did not shoot, he was to blame and should suffer for the acts others actually did."

THE EVIDENCE OF REV. FATHER COCHIN IN TRIAL  
OF POUNDMAKER*From "North-West Rebellion Trials"*

Father Louis Cochin sworn:—

Examined by Mr. Robertson;

(French interpreter sworn, Napoleon Blache).

Q.—What is your occupation? A.—I am missionary to the Indians at Battleford, or the vicinity of Battleford.

Q.—Where were you residing in the early part of March last? A.—At the settlement of the half-breeds near Battleford, about 25 miles from Battleford.

Q.—Is it the settlement known as Bremner's settlement? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you see anything of Poundmaker there at any time towards the end of the month of March last? A.—I saw Poundmaker; when Poundmaker came to me with the Indians it was not Poundmaker said it, but the Indians said they come to get you, or they come to bring you. Poundmaker himself said they come to bring you, to take you, they are coming.

Q.—Not that these people have come now, are come now to take you, but they are coming? A.—They are coming.

Q.—To whom did he refer? A.—When Poundmaker said they come to take you, he had a gang of Indians behind him, and he meant at the time that it was the Indians that came to take him to fetch him. Poundmaker came with the Indians, about 200 Indians, and he sent two men of the band to advise the half-breeds that he was very sorry that the Indians were excited and he was not, and when he arrived, he told Mr. Bremner and half-breeds before me, they come to take you.

Q.—Was that the first time you saw him, when there were 200 Indians with him? A.—I saw him one time before, and he promised—he gave the Stoneys to understand he would not trouble us at all, and we could remain to work in our place.

Q.—You saw him once before? A.—Yes.

Q.—What was the first occasion that I asked you about. I want you to tell us about the first occasion, not about the 200?

A.—This is the first occasion that I saw Poundmaker.

Q.—How many Indians were there with him on that first occasion? A.—Twenty Indians the first time.

Q.—Now what did he come for on that occasion? A.—Poundmaker and the other 20 Indians went there to assure themselves, and what they were doing at the time, at that time at Bremner's settlement, and the half-breeds there met them and understood that they were quite indifferent to the fight. They did not want to fight. They wanted to have peace and cultivate their lands, and Poundmaker made that understood to their Indians, and they went away again.

Q.—But what did Poundmaker come there for? A.—Poundmaker went over there with them to prevent them from doing any harm to the half-breeds at the time; he went there on account—to see himself what was going to be done and explain to the Indians. I suppose that those Indians were Assiniboines, and were quite excited at the time; and Poundmaker went over there with them to see and to assure them that they were quiet at the time, and did not want to cause any row or anything like that.

Q.—Well, the next time you saw him, was he there when there were 200 Indians? A.—Yes.

Q.—Who was in command of those Indians? A.—Delorme.

Q.—What part did Poundmaker take? A.—Poundmaker, on arriving, simply said to Bremner's, they come to fetch you, and afterwards I returned to the tent and did not hear any more of the conversation, of the doings.

Q.—Well, did you go over to the camp—the Indian camp after that? A.—Next morning we went to the Indian camp; we started to go over to the Indian camps because Delorme told us that if we did not go there would be probably bloodshed over it, and Poundmaker promised him and the half-breeds that he would protect them all the time.

Q.—Then you did go over? A.—And then we followed the Indians in the camp.

Q.—When was that—what time of the month? A.—It was on the 15th or 16th of April.

Q.—And how long did you remain in the camp? A.—I stopped from that time—15th or 16th of April till 18th in that camp, 17th or 18th.

Q.—Were you a prisoner there during that time? A.—I was taken as a prisoner like the others. I was not taken by force. I could go about in the camp anywhere I liked to go, but I could not go out.

Q.—Where were you taken in the first place when you were taken over—to which camp? A.—I was in Bremner's camp.

Q.—The half-breed camp or the Indian camp? A.—Half-breed camp.

Q.—But after you had been there a time, you were allowed to wander about any place in either camp? A.—I was let free to go out every now and then, but was sometimes threatened by the Indians to not go too far or be too free about it.

Q.—Which Indians? A.—The Stoneys. I don't know all their names, but they were Stoney Indians.

Q.—It was Stoneys that threatened you? A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you talk and understand Cree? A.—I understand Cree well.

Q.—And Stoney? A.—No.

Q.—Who was in command of the Indian camp while you were there? A.—I can say there were two commandants of the Indian camp. I heard Poundmaker commanding his own people, but I never heard him commanding anything wrong; it was always of good, and he was obeyed by the good men.

Q.—Who was the other commander? A.—The other commander was Delorme, and the soldiers' camp.

Q.—He commanded the soldiers' and Stoneys' camp? A.—Yes.

Q.—Had Poundmaker control of that Indian camp? Were you able to control it? A.—I could not. I tried now and then to have control of the camp, but I did not succeed.

Q.—What attempts did you make to get control of it? A.—He told his men many times in fact that they were frightening

him on account of them pillaging, and in fact murdering, and so on, the people, slaughtering the people, or something like that.

Q.—They were frightening him? A.—Frightening him by their past conduct, pillaging and murder and so on.

Q.—Well, his trying to get control of the camp. On what occasions did he try to get control of it? A.—Every time there was excitement he was trying to have control of the camp.

Q.—Trying to do what? A.—Each time they were threatening the prisoners or at other times when they were trying to go to Battleford, he was trying to take control of the camp then.

Q.—What did he want them to do? A.—He was threatening the half-breeds, and then for punishment killing the beasts, cattle that they brought over, they stole or made their property, appropriated them.

Q.—You said when there was excitement, and when the Indians were threatening the prisoners, and when the Indians were wanting to go to Battleford, Poundmaker would try to get control of the camp? Now what did he try to get them to do? A.—He was trying to calm them, and saying, pay attention or be careful in your conduct, and when he saw them at a certain place, he was sending them to another place or moving about. I saw that—the half-breed camp.

Q.—Moving about? A.—Yes.

Q.—For what purpose? A.—Coming to make a noise in the half-breed camp, and he would send them away; they were making a noise or row in the half-breed camp.

Q.—Did the Indians, on any particular occasion that you remember, threaten to murder any of the half-breeds who had been taken from the settlement? A.—I heard the Indians saying to the half-breeds of Bremner's Settlement that if you go on rousing suspicion against you there will be damage done. It appears some of the half-breeds—half-breeds, I suppose, that were brought up from there—wanted to desert, so the Indians told them if you want to keep deserting that way, at last something bad will happen between us, meaning they would fight them or kill them, and in those circumstances I have seen Pound-

maker many times sending them aside, sending them away—Indians, sending them to one side, protecting the prisoners.

Q.—Was your own life in danger at any time? A.—From the beginning until the 2nd May I thought my life was in danger, and during that time I was threatened now and then, and once there were twenty Stoney Indians that were surrounding and trying to strike me, but Poundmaker came to them and they scattered away, sent them off.

Q.—What did Poundmaker say to them? A.—I can't say, but I heard some words, I understood a few words, and heard Poundmaker saying to them that—his meaning was that they had nothing to do there, in fact, and he, Poundmaker, threatened them.

Q.—Well, was your life in danger at any time? A.—Not after the fight.

Q.—What else, if anything, did Poundmaker do to protect you from the Indians? A.—He has held meetings and speeches, saying to leave the fathers alone, in fact, to leave them quiet. And he had so much indignation at Frog Lake massacre.

Q.—Did you ever have a guard standing over you to protect you from the Indians? A.—Yes. Poundmaker went there to my tent several times to see that nothing had happened to me and others in the camp; used to go around my tent several times, many times, to see that nothing had happened to me.

Q.—Was there a guard standing over you at any time? A.—After the fight.

Q.—What was the guard there for? A.—Those were half-breeds that were sent by Riel, that I speak of now.

Q.—Now, tell us all that you know, and all that you saw in the fight at Cut Knife Hill? A.—I heard an Indian in the morning about 5 o'clock. He was shouting to the men, and I got up at the time and went out, and as I went out I saw a few Indians that were running on the creek side towards the creek, and I was trying myself to go and see what was going on at the time, and after walking about 100 yards I heard a few shots, and after those few shots I heard they fired until 12 o'clock. They never stopped till 12 o'clock, and then I proceeded to a small hill, and on arriving there I saw the soldiers going up too.



There were a few Indians advancing towards the soldiers at the time, running around by their left, and the fire was too strong and I left.

Q.—Did you see Poundmaker that day? A.—I saw on that day only what I said a few minutes ago. That is all I saw, as I returned immediately to the half-breed camp, as they were getting ready to go away.

Q.—Did you see Poundmaker that day? A.—No.

Q.—Not at all? A.—I saw him after the fight.

Q.—Where was he? A.—He was with all his camp. They were changing camp at the time.

Q.—How long was that after the fight? A.—About three or four hours after the fight.

Q.—Was that the first you saw of Poundmaker that day? A.—I think I saw him coming out of his tent before he went away from the half-breed camp. I am not sure it was he.

Q.—Did you see any buckboards? A.—I saw a good many buckboards on the half-breeds' side and Indians, but I did not see any buckboards with the half-breeds going towards—I don't remember seeing any going away with the other half-breeds.

Q.—Did you see any buckboards on the field when the fight was going on? A.—No.

Cross-examined by Mr. Casgrain:

Witness.—On one occasion the Indians wanted to go to Battleford to pillage it, and Poundmaker prevented them from going. On other occasions when the Indians threatened the half-breeds Poundmaker prevented them from carrying their threats into execution. On other occasions when the Indians came to make a row in the half-breed camp Poundmaker came over and sent them away. On another occasion when the priest's life was in danger it was due to Poundmaker's influence over the Assiniboine Indians that his life was saved. Therefore Poundmaker's influence in the Indian camp was considerable. Poundmaker was a speaker of considerable weight amongst the Indians; he was listened to for certain things and sometimes he was not listened to. When the Cut Knife fight began those who did not want to join in the fight left the Indian camp and went into a hill about two or three miles from where the fight was

going on. There was a good deal of confusion in the beginning, but some of the Indians came and tried to make those who did not want to fight go towards the Indian families, and not towards the half-breed camp. Poundmaker went towards the other—the Indian families. I and the half-breeds were prisoners in the Indian camp.

Q.—The Indians were in a state of war? A.—A great part of them, if not the greater part, were in a state of war. I did not see any buckboard on the field that day, but there might have been buckboards without my seeing them. Some time after the fight I went to Poundmaker and spoke to him about going to Colonel Otter with an offer to surrender, and Poundmaker then told me to go with an offer to surrender. The reason that I went to Poundmaker was because Poundmaker was chief of the camp. I thought he was the chief.

By Mr. Robertson:

Q.—You have said that Poundmaker had a good deal of influence over the Stoney's sometimes, and sometimes not? A.— Sometimes not.

Q.—How was that influence he possessed exercised by him—for good or bad? A.—For good.

Q.—Always? A.—He had influence when the others were afraid there might be danger that he would not be listened to.

Defence closed. No evidence in reply.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT POUNDMAKER

*Written by Father Cochin, Oct. 26th, 1924*

Much has been written about the rebellion of 1885, and in some cases Poundmaker was called a bad chief. This is not true. I have lived near Poundmaker on his reserve several years preceding the rebellion and several years after, and I can prove that his behaviour was the behaviour of a man not only of noble appearance, but also of noble character. I cannot say, and nobody could prove, that he was a rebel. As soon as the rebellion started, he decided to stay on his reserve. He was then the chief of his reserve and no more; but he was a man of strong will and of good mind, and considered as such amongst the men of his tribe. Consequently, Riel's men were sent to him. Indians of other reserves, even those who had committed murder, came into his reserve, and flocked around him, as seeking for strength or protection, without any invitation on his part. At that time I was myself in the settlement of Bresaylor, where all the half-breed families had gathered in one camp for protection, not knowing as yet what to do. Some were thinking about going to Battleford under the protection of the police; but some partisans of Riel were there, and rebel Indians were watching around. Some of those poor people had at last resolved with myself to try a start toward Battleford the next morning, when a party of Indians, led by some rebel half-breeds, came on us like a storm, put our tents down, and took us to their camp on Poundmaker's Reserve. In that circumstance, Chief Poundmaker, with the men of his band, used his influence to keep order, and thanks to him no mischief happened on that day; and since that time to the end of the rebellion we must thank Poundmaker that there was no more murder in the district of Battleford. In many instances some Indians tried to make mischief, but Poundmaker was always there on the spot to stop them. Twice, due to misunderstanding on the part of exalted young fellows, I have been myself in danger of being molested, but the good chief always came in time to my aid. Later on, for more security, the Indians moved their camp to Cut-Knife Hill, probably seeking for a stronger position in case of an attack with the intention, prob-

ably too, of going farther and joining the forces of Riel at Batoche. But Poundmaker was always opposed to going away from his reserve, and the march to Batoche was very slow. The Indians were camped at Cut-Knife Hill when, on the 2nd of May, at daybreak, they heard some extraordinary noise on the hill at the crossing of Cut-Knife Creek. I went myself to see what it was. When following the ravine near our camp, I saw a few Indians running towards a plateau nearby, and at the same time heard a few shots followed immediately by numerous other shots, gattling guns, etc. At that time the most part of the Indians were yet in their camp, but as soon as they heard the fighting I saw quite a number of them running to meet the enemy resolved to defend themselves. The plateau where the troops were engaged was surrounded by ravines, and the Indians could go around without being seen. But I found myself in a very dangerous position. The fight had moved towards me, and I ran away for shelter, when I heard the whistle of the bullets and bombs over my head. I found my companions leaving their camp also for shelter, and we went together one half a mile away. We remained there until the fighting was over, when somebody came and told us about the result of the fight, and that the police were retreating toward Battleford.

It was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when we came back to our camp. Indians were visiting the battlefield looking for their dead and wounded, and we could see far away the army of Colonel Otter disappearing behind the sand hills between Battle River and Sweet Grass Reserve. They had left one of their dead on the battlefield. Two brave French-Canadians, George Pichett (today of Delmas), and one of his friends, Mr. Paulain, told me about it. We went together and found the body naked and riddled with bullets, and when the Indians were busy moving away we buried it as decently as possible, Mr. Geo. Pichette sacrificing his own underclothing. After the surrender of Poundmaker I went with a party of the Foot Guards of Ottawa, having at their head Captain Todd, to take the body to Battleford, and afterwards to Ottawa or Toronto.

After the fight quite a number of young warriors talked about going to the pursuit of the retreating army; but Poundmaker, who never consented to go out of his reserve, was opposed.

to it, and this made them give up the pursuit. On the same day or the next day Indians and half-breeds arrived from Batoche. They took command of the camp, and it was decided to move towards Batoche by way of Eagle Hills. Poundmaker and his band had to follow, but at the first stopping place Chief Poundmaker made opposition, and at the head of his men and people tried to go in another direction. This resulted in a terrible confusion, nearly to the point of fighting, on the part of the opposing parties. Several shots were heard, happily without bloodshed. The good Indians and poor half-breeds, and there were many of them, who were forced into that rebellion, and were, like other prisoners, hating it, and who wanted to remain in peace, realized that it was very dangerous for them to see Poundmaker and his braves abandon them, and their influence gone. The Indians, who had committed murder or had behaved themselves as rebels, realized, too, that without Poundmaker and his friends they would be lost forever. It was then decided to remain together. About the same time 21 teamsters freighting provisions and ammunitions from Swift Current to Battleford were taken prisoners by the rebels and brought to the camp. We can say that they owed their lives to the influence of Poundmaker.

Then came the news of the surrender of Riel. On that day Poundmaker called on me and Mr. Jefferson, an old-timer well known yet in the district of Battleford. Two letters had been written by Poundmaker's order. Mr. Jefferson was sent to Batoche with one of the two letters to be delivered to General Middleton, and I was sent myself to Colonel Otter at Battleford with the other letter. The Indians, after hearing of the defeat of the half-breeds, understood their position. They looked at once to Poundmaker as to the man who could save them. Poundmaker was not the chief of all the Indians, but he was the only man who could speak for the whole people in the camp. By ~~accepting the lead for the surrender~~ he exposed himself to being considered by the authorities as the great chief of the whole camp, and to be the victim of his goodness. So it happened. I was very courteously received by Colonel Otter, and when General Middleton arrived in Battleford he sent me back with a letter to meet Poundmaker and tell him that he was waiting for him at noon the next day. I met the Indians on their way to Battle-

ford. Mr. Jefferson had arrived already from Batoche with the same order.

Poundmaker was received exactly at noon as requested by General Middleton, only to be handcuffed and sent to jail, and a few days after taken to Regina for trial. In my humble opinion Poundmaker should have been better used at that time. But later on he had friends to speak in his favor, and passed one year at the penitentiary near Winnipeg, where he was considered as a gentleman and never lost the esteem and respect of every one who knew him before, and even of the highest authorities.

By his conduct as an Indian during the troubles of 1885, and especially on the days of surrender, he merited the thanks of the whole country, instead of being put in jail, and even a monument to be built in his honour. Why not build it beside the one that I heard is to be built at Cut Knife Hill.



Cochin Churches and House of L. Cochin

## SKETCH OF LOUIS COCHIN'S LIFE

When I learn about the faithful performance of a pioneer doing his duty at some lonely and secluded post for 30, 40 and 50 years to advance the interest of his Church, his trading company or his State's authority, I am forced to exclaim, "Raise a monument of imperishable bronze in his honor!" I also ask, "Why have these men not taken the responsibilities and the fame of the lofty position which belong to a State which the years of devotion and sacrifice have strengthened them to perform. To my mind it seems that these are the heroes of the nation. I love to talk with them; to learn their stories and to record their achievements in the historic annals of our mighty land.

My Roman Catholic friends would sometimes say, "We have a great missionary too. You should meet him." I hastened to visit their Father Cochin at Cochin. Did you ever visit the famous resort of the North-Western Saskatchewan? There is Meota with all the attractions of the delightful lake but you must journey round to the Narrows. Here a winding stream flows along the foot of a steep, wooded hill which drops to the lake's edge one quarter of a mile distant. From such a distance I saw the little houses of Cochin mission fronting the lake and towering hills surrounding.

But I could not see Father Cochin for a time. I heard his Organ pealing to music of his own composition. I knew that he had visitors. My turn came to meet the humble worker of a great Church. "No, there is nothing to tell, I have had an ordinary life like so many others," said the sturdy, kindly man, who betrayed greatness in his looks and surroundings.

Louis Cochin was born in France on the 8th Dec. 1856 at Sammepey, Dept. of Marne. His education was gained in the seminary of Chalons-sur-Marne from 1868 to 1878; then he entered the Novitiate of the Oblate Fathers at Nancy, Dept. of Meurthe et Moselle in 1879, and the scholasticate of the same Order at Autun in 1880. A few months after, he was sent to the College of Ottawa, Canada, and early in the spring of 1881 received an obedience as a religious Oblate for St. Albert in the Canadian North-west Territories. On the 2nd of May, 1882, after receiving the Sacred Orders from the hands of his Lordship, Bishop Grandin, Father Cochin was sent to the district of Battleford as a missionary for the Cree Indians.

His first residence has been at Poundmaker's, where he spent the first summer studying the Cree language, all alone, not understanding a single word at first, having no interpreter, and the great majority of the Indians were pagans. It was not an easy task for him but with the help of a Dictionary and Grammar composed by the old and famous Father A. Lacombe and being in constant contact with the Indians, in a few months he was able to speak their language fluently.

Then he extended his labor farther around and in 1884 he had already baptized many Indians not only at Poundmaker's, but also in the reserves of Sweet Grass, Little Pine, Thunderchild and Moosomin.

About the same time there came to settle across the Battle River large families of half-breeds. These formed the Settlement named Bresaylor, after the names of the first residents: Bremner, Sayer, Taylor. Father Cochin had built there a little Chapel when trouble happened between the Indians of the Little Pine Reserve and Poundmaker's and the Police, as ex-



plained in Vol. I, number 1. Trouble followed the next spring by Riel Insurrection of 1885. During that rebellion he was taken as a prisoner by the Indians with the half-breeds of Bresaylor settlement. The young missionary was at Cut-Knife fight. After the battle he was sent by Chief Poundmaker to Colonel Otter, Commandant of the garrison at Battleford, and to General Middleton to arrange for surrender, later to assist as witness at the Riel and Poundmaker trial in Regina.

Before and after the rebellion, settlement had been established on both sides of the Saskatchewan River, especially around Jackfish Lake, and Father Cochin found there new fields for his missionary activities, of which Thunderchild's Reserve (now Delmas) had become the centre. He took a homestead there and built on it a residence from which he visited regularly the new settlements and all the Indian Reserves.

From 1889 he was successively helped by the Reverend Fathers Vachan, Bruck, Watelle and Delmas who had been sent one after the other to learn the Cree language under his direction. In the year 1900 he had prepared all the materials for the erection of a good church at Thunderchild (now Delmas). This old reserve has been sold later on by the Indians to the Government and the Indians have been transferred to another reserve eight miles north of Turtleford, which bears the same name, and had just received the announcement of an Indian Boarding School to be built on his homestead. The veteran missionary was to see the realization of his dear wishes, the well earned fruit of his labors, when he was called by his Bishop, Monseigneur Pascal to come and live with him at Prince Albert and notified that Reverend Father Delmas had been appointed his successor.

From 1901 he has been successively a missionary at Muskeg Lake, Jackfish Lake, and Isle-a-La-Crosse. In 1904 he was sent as a delegate to the General Chapter of the Oblate Fathers held at Liege, Belgium and visited Europe. In 1908 he founded the Mission and Settlement of Meadow Lake where he remained until 1916. Since that time he is in the middle of his old missionary district at Cochin, one of the most beautiful summer

beaches of the province of Saskatchewan on the strait that unites Murray Lake and Jackfish Lake. His name had been given to the place after the suggestion was made by one of his successors in the district in remembrance of the old missionary.

Ottawa, Dec. 20, 1885.

The Rev. Father L. Cochin,

Réverend Dear Sir,—

The officers and non-commission officers and men of A Company of the Governor-General Foot Guards desire to show their appreciation of the kind and considerate services you rendered to one of the Guards Company of sharp shooters killed at Cut-Knife on the second of May, 1885, and therefore beg you to accept this Missal as a token of gratitude.

Signed in behalf of the Company,

A. HENLYN TODD, Captain

P. N. THOMPSON, 1st Lieut.

A. L. SHANNON, 2nd Lieut.

## THE ARCHIVES

## BOOKS

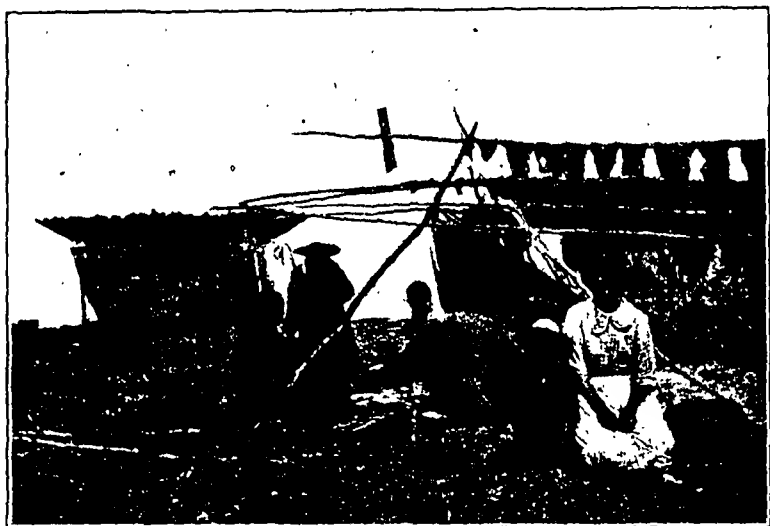
Ten Years in Winnipeg, 1867-1879.—Begg & Nursey.  
Henry and Thompson's Journals.  
History of the Northern Interior of British Columbia.  
Journals of the Councils of N. W. I.  
Men of Kildonan.—McCulloch.  
Thompson.—Cochrane.  
The Bison and the Fur Trade.—Merriman.  
Autobiography of John Macoun.  
Reports of the Department of Interior.  
Reports of Indian Affairs.  
Cameron—The War-Trail of Big Bear.

## HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

W. C. Mikel.—Some Bay of Quinte Reminiscences.  
Reilly.—Early Days of Western Settlements.  
Walker.—The Coming of the Police.  
The Centenary Number of the Ottawa Citizen.  
Ahenekeew.—The Dawn.  
Loucks.—Indian Conditions Prior to the Rebellion.  
Lynch.—The Early Posts of the N. W. I.  
Manson.—The Naming of Cut Knife Hill.

## EXCHANGES

The Halifax Historical Society.  
The Minnesota State Historical Society.  
The Provincial Museum of Ontario.



Indians Drying Meat

### THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HISTORICAL SOCIETY ITS PROGRESS

This Society has changed its name from that of the Battleford Historical Society to its new name "The Canadian North-West Society" being urged to do so for several reasons, namely: the details of important information have been gathered from distant localities; important documents have reached its office from other societies and individuals necessary for publication; and the very great interest of our Western citizens desirous of furthering a work of a national rather than a local interest.

This Society has chosen a large number of subjects because of the important material it has relating to them. The fundamental idea in the publications is to give the story of all the eye witnesses. The editors may add explanatory foot notes. It is hoped that the source history will be saved, be made accessible and interesting to all and create stronger bonds of citizenship.

The Reminiscences of Louis Cochin have been published as the number following the "Cree Rebellion" because of its close explanatory relationship to the story of Indian troubles and published also in honor of a notable servant who spent a life time in this locality.

## LIFE MEMBERS

R. H. Speers	Battleford
Paul Prince	Battleford
F. G. Atkinson	Battleford
Campbell Innes	Battleford
Ephriam Weber	Battleford
A. E. Cooke	Battleford
W. Pegg	Denholm
J. E. McLarty	Denholm
Lorne Foster	Denholm
Rev. Father Cozanet	North Battleford
Mrs. M. Wayland	North Battleford
Lars K. Sevick	North Battleford
Gwyneth A. House	North Battleford
C. A. Ayre	Turtleford
Wilbert E. Lake	Turtleford
A. Mackenzie	Turtleford
The Legislative Library	Regina
The Publications Department	Regina
S. J. Amson	Raddison
Emile Richard	Richard
William Dodds, M.L.A.	Cut-Knife
J. W. McNeil	North Battleford
D. M. Finlayson, M.L.A.	Iffley
W. Chisholm	Iffley
Peter Paynter	Paynton
Andrew D. MacLean	The Canadian Magazine, Toronto
Department of History Queen's University	Kingston
W. J. McMurdo	Lashburn
Bishop Joseph H. Prud'homme	Prince Albert
The Public Library, Mr. Murray	Saskatoon
The Public Library	North Battleford
Arthur S. Saer	North Battleford

## FELLOW MEMBERS.

## BATTLEFORD

Harriet MacDonald	Kathleen Bisshopp	Walter Clink
J. B. Andison	R. Y. Tindale	George Penn
T. E. Scott	Leona Hennessey	Marjorie Hotson
James Nixon	Gretchen Clink	
F. S. Bradley	Corinne Latour	

## BIGGAR

Graham Mathers	Rev. H. D. Ranns	W. C. Sandercock
M. I. Creighton	Dr. E. R. McKay	Dr. S. E. Shaw
C. A. Seott	Frank Hopkins	A. J. Saich
S. P. James	Mrs. McKenzie	J. M. Durpeau

## BLAINE LAKE

J. A. Boyd	R. R. Sanders	H. Berryman
J. S. Boddy	Miss M. L. Whittle	

## BROADACRES

J. A. McLellan

## BRESAYLOR

A. S. Taylor	Thomas Bugg
--------------	-------------

## CUT-KNIFE

E. A. Dillman	M. A. Griffith	C. B. Saunders
Mame Kilchen	Roberta Lockhart	A. Clayton

## COCHIN

A. C. Pirot	J. P. G. Day
-------------	--------------

## DENHOLM

G. W. Lambert	C. E. Bolan	C. W. J. Elliott
R. Campbell		

## DELMAS

Miss Juliette E. Roy	J. A. Roy	Father Jos. Portier
	Geo. W. Arcand	

## DUCK LAKE

Rev. Jos. Blackburn

## DULWICH

Miss Kathleen McCann

# LIST OF MEMBERS

63

## ELROSE

Lewis Burton

## EDMONTON

A. J. McCormack

## EDAM

Irene A. King

Julia Spurr

Rev. Dr. T. Harrison

F. X. Nadon

Richard Clark

Miss L. Stephenson

Miss L. Stockford

## HAFFORD

O. Zerebko

Miss M. Polomark

H. A. Kostach

## KERROBERT

Rev. B. S. Summers

Rev. R. Walker

Wm. B. Sample

C. E. Groven

Leafa F. McGill

Kerrobert Citizen

Thos. Hay

H. E. Sample

Percy Snell

R. L. Hanbridge

William Leahy

John Mould

## LANGHAM

S. H. Goodge

W. F. Phymes

## LEASK

Fred A. Smith

Phil J. LeMasurier

J. D. Mackay

## LUSELAND

J. J. Zubick

Marge Treharne

Principal Jenkins

F. E. Jaenicke

R. E. VanFossen

## LASHBURN

F. M. Kenderdine

Alma M. Castle

D. P. Pyke

Robert Willes

J. H. Moore

Wm. Hobbs

## LENEY

Frank Burling

## LLOYDMINSTER

Rev. A. Cross

Charles H. Moxley

Rev. Thos. Dobson

F. E. Cuthbert

J. H. Stevenson

Vernon V. Miner

Wm. Smith

J. G. Willard

Harold J. Dean

J. D. Munro

S. S. Hall

Harold Hurley

Thos. L. Prest

Simcoe M. Daly

A. S. Pollard

Dr. G. L. Cooke

# 64 THE REMINISCENCES OF LOUIS COCHIN

## LIVELONG

Myrtle Wray

## MARSHALL

I. Holliday

Wm. Walker

## MERVIN

Miss E. I. Pogson

Rev. R. C. Mathews

Lydia Irent Lawson

Miss M. E. Milman

## MACEJIN

Wm. Deihl

Rev. F. I. Adam

Leo Langlais

W. L. Watson

## MAYMONT

Edith Parsons

Jean M. Martin

L. M. Ballard

Rev. A. L. Sibbald

## MEOTA

J. S. Dart

H. E. Bridgett

H. A. Douglas

H. W. Detwiller

Lily Harmon

A. E. Thompson

W. Collie

J. E. Ambler

Helen Duhaime

## MAJOR

H. Arthur Barton

## MOOSE JAW

Thos. Miller

## NORTH BATTLEFORD

D. W. Calvert

Edward A. May

Beatrice Adamson

T. W. Cogland

Sisters of the Child

Mrs. W. J. Cass

Mrs. K. M. Donkin

Jesus

Miss E. C. E. Bready

Hazel G. Turner

A. A. Stewart

C. R. MacIntosh

R. Gery

Miss E. Cramond

Lillian M. Bready

Mrs. K. E. Hickson

A. Irene Kemp

Norman Parkhouse

Dr. F. Stewart

G. N. Currie

F. Griese

H. W. Dixon

H. F. L. Pink

J. H. Greaves

Dr. Jackson

Dr. R. J. Laughlin

Oliver Johnston

F. W. Riddell

E. J. Spencer

W. J. White

Mrs. M. Shepherd

E. J. Wilkins

## PRINCE ALBERT

La Bonne Presse Ltee.



# LIST OF MEMBERS

65

## PHIPPEN

C. W. Castor N. C. Stewart

## PAYNTON

Helen Stephenson Rev. Edw. Ahenakew Miss Cunningham  
J. Steen

## PRINCE

J. M. Esplen

## RICHARD

John C. MacPherson W. R. Wilkinson Kathleen Burke

## RADISSON

J. Whitehurst Rev. H. E. Marshall Victor E. Clark

## REGINA

Hon. S. J. Latta Austin Bothwell

## REVENUE

Fred P. Henwood

## ROSTHERN

Walter Tucker G. E. Goble

## ROCKHAVEN

Viola Freethy Henry Armstrong Ernest Reid  
Eva M. Jensen D. F. Duke H. A. Phillips  
A. Mackenzie T. C. Raymond Edw. Brockelbank  
Mary Thompson

## ROSSALL

Henrietta M. Quail

## RUDDELL

Mrs. E. L. Bowers Miss Wilma Winters

## RUTLAND

W. E. Walker

## SASKATOON

G. Kinderdine H. V. Ross C. P. Seeley  
The Saskatoon Daily P. E. Kreutzwieser The Normal School  
Star C. R. Morse Frank Wilhelm  
James B. McGeachy

SHELLBROOK

Ernest Hurry	Rev. John McKinnon	W. C. E. Massey
E. S. Clinch	Dr. T. W. Sutherland	F. G. Matkin

SCOTT

Rev. F. G. Purchase	Rev. Wm. Brabinder	K. V. Bethel
Victor Mathews	W. A. Mersereau	Mrs. Dr. Jardine

SANDWICH

N. D. Culy

SPRUCE LAKE

Arma K. Berg

SPEERS

R. J. Scott	Annie Reid	Winifred L. Statham
	J. R. Morrison	

ST. JEROME

Fred W. Hawryluk

ST. WALBURG

Perley Livingston

TRAYNOR

Roy Clark	Archie Edwards
-----------	----------------

TURTLEFORD

James Underwood	John B. Topper	W. C. Craig
-----------------	----------------	-------------

TORONTO

University of Toronto Library, W. S. Wallace, Librarian

TRAMPING LAKE

Rev. L. Hermandung

UNITY

N. T. Amblyn	W. J. Reid	J. A. Hagerman
Jos. Needham	M. O. Goodmanson	

VAWN

F. E. A. Fairweather	Eugene Masse
----------------------	--------------

WINNIPEG

Angus M. Henderson Osborne Scott

WILKIE

H. E. Wright      Marjorie Donovan      A. Elizabeth Robinson  
Carter & Wilson      (Wilkie Press)      C.C. Annett;

WASECA

Andrew MacCullie

UNITED STATES

Aaron Sapiro, Chicago; H. R. Richardson, Sound Beach,  
Connecticut

The Battle River Municipality, R. H. Speers, Reeve, has given fellow membership to its Schools as follows:—

Federal—W. D. Whyte, Secretary, Delmas.

Bresaylor—S. Cotton, Secretary, Delmas.

St. Jean Baptise de la Salle—J. Geibe, Delmas.

Tulip—Chas. Blais, Delmas.

White Cap—R. Wilcocks, Highgate.

Eight Mile Lake—H. L. Cave, Battleford.

Lindequist—E. F. Goodwin, Prongua.

Battle River—F. S. Mackie, Prongua.

Cleveland—George Truscott, Prongua.

Drummond Creek—J. W. Smith, Prongua.

Willow View—J. A. Douglas, Rockhaven.

Prongua—A. C. Bloxham, Prongua.

OLD TIMERS' COLUMN

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS

Old Timers who recognize this Society and have been in the West prior to 1890.—List continued from No. 1.

Mrs. Jessie F. DeGear, Battleford.

Mrs. Robert Inkster, Battleford.

Mrs. Robert Jefferson, Battleford.

Mrs. P. V. Gaunceau, Edmonton.

Documents containing historic details of the early history have been placed in the Archives, relating to the lives of the following pioneers:

Mrs. S. A. Carroll, a daughter of R. G. Speers, was born in 1864 near Orangeville, Ont. Possibilities of successful un-

detakings in the locality of the well known Battleford brought the father to the West in 1884 and the family in 1885. A year later she was married to Corporal Carroll, who had joined the famous force in '82 and served at Fort Walsh, then in '84 at Battleford and in '85 to Fort Pitt. From here the little band of police escaped from the besieged Ft. Pitt by floating down the Saskatchewan River on a scow and thus escaped from Big Bear's bands. Corporal Carroll then took part in the Battle of Cut-Knife Hill. He was made orderly-room clerk for Major Steele in charge at Battleford. His military days were filled with such experiences as the typhoid epidemic, the attempt to capture Almighty Voice, telegraph operator at Moose Creek and Saddle Lake. When the Great War broke out Lieut. Carroll served as drill sergeant. He died in 1915:

Alison Sanderson, born in St. John, Ontario, Nov. 1st, 1861, is of Scotch descent. Her father worked in the woollen mills of St. John and other points in Ontario. On Sept. 11, 1878 having received a call from her brother who was settled in the Carrot River Valley to come and keep house for him, Alison at the age of 17 accompanied a party of settlers west to Winnipeg and hence across the prairies by democrat to Prince Albert. Miss Sanderson was the second woman and first girl into the Carrot River District. She had many thrilling adventures in those first lonely years. During the rebellion all the settlers moved into the largest cabin and fortified it but the Metis did not come near them. In 1881 Miss Sanderson was married to John Patterson, a settler of the district by Rev. Duncan, Presbyterian Minister at Prince Albert. The Pattersons located near the Sanderson farm. From 1881 until 1915 the Pattersons farmed steadily, moving their location on two occasions. In 1915 they moved to Blaine Lake.

Alexander Setter was born at Ft. Douglas on May 7, 1864. His grandfather on the paternal side was a fisherman from the Orkney Islands, whilst his mother's father was Colin Campbell of Argyre, Scotland, a H.B.C. factor. Mr. Setter came to the territories first in 1879 as a freighter. Since that time he has travelled the length and breadth of the country in connection with freighting and horse trading. Setter together with Father Cochin was on the H. B. boat North-West when it made its first

trip up the river from Prince Albert to Battleford. He was married in 1882 to Miss E. Taylor of the Bresaylor settlement. In '84 he settled on land in the Bresaylor settlement. During the troublous days of 1885 Setter together with a large number of his neighbors found safety behind the walls of the stockade at Battleford. He was present at the surrender of Poundmaker. After the rebellion Mr. Setter stayed in Battleford, working at various occupations. In 1887 he opened the first Livery barn in Battleford and later on the first open air skating rink. In 1898 Mr. Setter moved to Edmonton where he kept an hotel for some time. In 1911 the family returned to Paynton where they now reside. Mr. Setter will be remembered as a leader in horse racing who brought many good horses into the territory.

George Day was born at Chaleur, Quebec, in 1862. His grandfather, who was Irish, came to America with the French troops in 1776. After the war he crossed into Canada and married a French Canadian girl named Alard. Of Mr. Day's own family he has two sisters on the west side of Jackfish Lake and also a brother, Charles. At 17 years of age George Day left the home farm for a fishing trip to Labrador and there commenced his interesting chapter of experiences. Later he worked on the C. P. R. construction gangs and finally drifted to Butte City, Montana. In 1886 he came with a party to Battleford and worked for Dan Finlayson, present M.L.A., for Jackfish Constituency. Later he farmed, sold cattle, operated a butcher shop and in 1901 was appointed Indian Agent at Battleford following Agent Daunais. In 1912 he secured land at Cochin and has farmed up to the present. In 1895 Mr. Day married Miss Mary Calvert in Winnipeg.

Peter Paynter was born at Niagara over 70 years ago on the seventh day of September, 1856. The first 25 years of his life were spent on the family homestead and were uneventful. But in 1882 when the newly formed North-West Mounted Police opened a recruiting depot in Toronto, Paynter felt the urging of his Irish blood and enlisted on April 3rd. For the next eight years Mr. Paynter lived the stirring life of a mounted policeman. He was stationed at Ft. Walsh, Macleod as well as other points and came to Battleford barracks with Major Cot-

ton's detachment on September 16, 1886. In 1890 Mr. Paynter retired from the force and renting a piece of land went in for farming in the Bresaylor settlement. The second season he had the largest crop in the settlement, over 900 bushels. Since that time he has steadily increased his holdings until in 1925 he sold most of his land, retaining the home quarter. In 1896 Paynter was married to Mrs. McCurdy of Winnipeg. Both Mr. and Mrs. Paynter have taken an active part in the life of the community for many years.

George Bruce McKay, in whose veins flows the blood of a long line of distinguished Hudson Bay Company officers, was born at the H. B. Post Fairford on Lake Manitoba, on Nov. 14, 1861. His father, John McNab Ballendin McKay was trader under Chief Factor Cameron in the Swan River district. Mr. McKay's recollections are very valuable as they centre around the H.B.C. trading activities as well as the political events of the last 50 years. His life has been packed with exciting adventures. As a boy of 12 years he killed his first buffalo and subsequently became noted as a buffalo hunter. From 1872-1875 he attended the school at St. Andrews near Winnipeg and afterwards assisted his father in trading operations. At one period in his life he taught school on the Blood Reserve near Macleod. During the rebellion Mr. McKay was a volunteer stationed first at Carlton and later at Prince Albert. After the rebellion Mr. McKay ranched for 10 years. He then returned to his present location, 17 miles northeast of Leask where he farms two sections. He has become a valued citizen of his community and has been Reeve of the Municipality of Leask for the past 13 years.

Dan F. Finlayson, M.L.A., came West in 1879 from London, Ont., direct to Battleford, the capital, realizing the advantages to be gained in the neighborhood of such a political centre. He squatted on 484 acres of land, six miles from Battleford to grow oats for the police horses. There was good trade. He grew wheat and rented Lieut.-Gov. Liard's tread power threshing machine. The wheat was ground at the police mill, and a shipment of flour was sent to Prince Albert in 1881. In 1884 Finlayson commenced his dairy farming and supplied the police with produce every Tuesday for seven years. Mr. Finlayson

has had intimate dealing with the famous old Indian Chiefs of the Rebellion Days. The family lost their home by the Indians burning it on their way to pillage Battleford. In 1892 Mr. Finlayson moved to Round Hill district to develop a new farm. In 1908 he was elected to represent Jackfish constituency and has done so to this day.

William Deihl was born in 1850 in Buffalo. At the age of 21 he visited Chicago after the great fire. Poor health drove him to trapping and into the Red River settlement, thence up to Grand Rapids, 1874. The Stobart Company hired him in 1877, to build houses at Duck Lake, including the M.P. barracks and flour mill. With his earnings he went to Winnipeg to buy cattle to ranch near Carlton with this post as a market. Deihl had a good opportunity to observe the political situation. After the Duck Lake fight he visited Carlton in possession of Riel's men. At this time Monkman bought his cattle. Deihl joined the scouts at Prince Albert and carried despatches at the time of Fish Creek and Batoche battles. In his scouting with Hourie and Armstrong Riel was discovered and brought a prisoner to General Middleton.

Basil Favel was born in 1843 on the Beaver River, Manitoba. His father was a Swampy and the mother a Stoney. He became a buffalo hunter, at an early age and hunted further West each year, visiting the post of Carlton and Battleford during the 60's and 70's. Favel took part in destroying Battleford and fighting the Queen's soldiers at Cut-Knife. This renowned sharp shooter lives at the foot of Cut-Knife Hill and it gives him much pleasure to discuss the great Indian victory.

Alexander Chisholm is the son of Alexander Chisholm, a Scotch officer who served at the Gold Coast and later came to Canada and served in the legislature of Upper Canada until 1854. The son, in 1843, attended college at Kingston, then journeyed westward, entering the Red River settlement, completing a walk of 500 miles in 17 days in company with Scott. He entered the services of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Garry, Portage la Prairie and Poplar Point. During the troubles of '69 Riel did not molest this young clerk though many others were made prisoners. Becoming tired of the monotonous

work in the office he set out for Battleford in 1881 and engaged in farming at the Bresaylor settlement.

Mrs. Robert Inkster was born at Lac Seul, 1836. On the death of her father, Robert Gillis, a Hudson Bay clerk, the family came to Winnipeg in 1848, then to Portage la Prairie. In 1852 she married Robert Inkster, a Hudson Bay carpenter and moved to Oak Point in 1856 to assist in building this post and others surrounding. Their Chief Factor Clark was held by Riel in 1870 while the people of the posts expected attacks. Moving back to Portage la Prairie plans, were made by her husband to enter the ministry. In 1873 Robert Inkster and his family left for Ft. Edmonton and passed by Troy and Carlton through a great buffalo land. At Pidgeon River the husband began his missionary work. It so happened that he belonged to the party of the Rev. John McDougall at the time when the famous missionary was frozen. It was the carpenter missionary's duty to make the coffin. In 1877 the Inksters went to Prince Albert where the husband graduated from Emmanuel College some years later. Saddle Lake was his next mission, then to the Sarcee Indians. In 1886 till 1914 the Inksters resided in Battleford district where Robert Inkster preached at the Indian Mission until his death. This old lady has reached the age of 90 years, years full of pioneer exploits.



## The Canadian North-West Historical Society Projected Publications

---

This Society is conducting a careful research in various subjects relating to the earliest history of the Prairie Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan in order to secure the story of the actual eye-witnesses. These stories are being published in such publications as relate to an event. Interested pioneers and prominent historians are searching and writing in the attempt to save the Source History and to present it in an interesting way to the citizen of the great historic plain.

Mackay of the Canadian Northwest.

Canon Matheson—Saskatchewan's First Graduate.

Fifty Years on the Saskatchewan—Robt. Jefferson.

Early Days in the Police Force.—Chas. Parker.

Early Surveys and Other Reminiscences.—R. C. Laurie.

The Prairiwomen.

The Pioneerings of Senator Prince.

Saskatchewan's Leaders.

The Free Traders.

The Hudson's Bay Company.

The North-West Company.

Early Navigation on the Saskatchewan.

Scouting.

On the Red River Trails.

With Her Majesty's Mails.

Fort Chipewyan.

Fort Carlton.

Cumberland House.

Fort Pitt.

The Era of Exploration.

The French in the North-West.

The Cree Indian.

Indian Legends.

Life on a Reserve.

Indian Education.

The Indian Chiefs of the Treaty Days.

Our Red River Pioneers.

The Bresaylor Settlement.

Buffalo Hunting.

The Fur Trade.

Ranching.

When Battleford was the Capital.

Our Political History.

Law and Order.

Land Settlement and Colonization.

The Cree Rebellion.

The Causes of the Rebellion of 1885.

With Crozier at Duck Lake, Carlton and Prince Albert.

Battleford in Danger.

Fish Creek and Batoche.

The Battle of Cut Knife Hill.

Frog Lake and Fort Pitt.

With Gen. Strange at Frenchman's Butte.

The Wanderings of Big Bear's Son.

The Police Share in the Rebellion.

The Results of the 1885 Rebellion.

Louis Riel and His Colleagues.

The Saskatchewan Herald's Story of 1885.

The Historic Spots of Saskatchewan.

Western Rhymes.

The Old-Timers' Register.

The Red River Jig.

In Sunshine and Storm.

The Roman Catholic Missions.

The Presbyterian Missions.

The Anglican Missions.

The Methodist Missions.

Societies.

The Telegraph.

Early Railway Development.

Early School History.

Early Electioneering.

Some North-West Problems.

Index of the Archives of Battleford.

Reminiscences of Louis Cochin, O.M.I.

The Historic Spots of Alberta.

The Stoneys.

## LIST OF PUBLICATIONS

75

Fort Edmonton.

Qu'Appelle.

Calgary.

The Barr Colony.

The Overlanders of 1862.

Regina.

On the Swift Current Trail.

Alberta's Leaders.

Place Names of the North-West.

Ile a la Crosse.

Prince Albert.

The Story of the Press.

Saskatoon.

Peace River Settlements.

# Canadian North-West Historical Society

## OFFICERS

<i>Hon. President</i> .....	CANON E. K. MATHESON, D.D.
<i>President</i> .....	F. G. ATKINSON
<i>Vice-President</i> .....	R. JEFFERSON
<i>Secretary and Editor</i> .....	C. INNES, M.A.

## BOARD OF DIRECTORS

G. H. CLOUSTON	H. C. ADAMS
G. A. SUTHERLAND	R. H. SPEERS
M. H. MEREDITH	R. C. LAURIE
CHAS. PARKER	W. R. RIDINGTON

---

## THE AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

1. To collect and save the life sketches and historical stories of our pioneers, also the documents which throw light on the West's development prior to 1890.

2. The publication of historical works which contain the original stories of the Pioneer. All the stories relating to an historical event will be edited in one publication and will provide an up-to-date source-history of the Prairie Provinces. The members will receive the publications of the year ending September 1st, 1927, on payment of the yearly subscription of \$5.00. A special offer of Life Subscription of \$25.00 is being offered for a short time.

3. The Historical Archives at Battleford contain books, maps, pamphlets, relics, documents relating to North-West History, for use of the research student.

4. This Society will assist in the publication of historical works for individuals and other Societies, and it has secured the assistance of Western history men to assist in this research.

5. Historic spots are marked and historic interest in these is created. Public meetings are held to further this work.

6. This is the West's urgent problem. Save the Source History and Honor the Pioneer.